

OF AN IDLE HEAD.

And there both she and all her Parriners are drowned:
 Yet he himselfe, he knowes not how is safely set on ground.
 He onely is at thore, when all the rest are lost,
 And there he sees how other ships, with tempests like are tost.
 And there he stands not long, but straight a sodaine change,
 He carried is, he knowes not how, into a Country strange.
 And there he speaks a speech, he neuer spake before,
 And once awake againe, perhaps he shall neuer speake more
 A thousand things too thore, a man doth thinke to see,
 In sleepe sometimes, that neuer were, nor yet are like to be.
 For I my selfe haue dreamed in sleepe, of sights so strange,
 And in the midst of all my dreame, of sodaine sundry change.
 That in the morne awake, I could but marvaile much,
 What cause by day, by night should bring me into dreaming such.
 But sitting so a while, sometime I call to minde,
 A proverb olde, which some count true, but I more false doe finde,
 That is. That man a sleepe doth lie at quiet rest,
 For many sleepe, that haue their mindes, w many grases oppress,
 Some dreame of Parents death, or death of some deare friend,
 Some dreame of sorowes to ensue, and pleasures at an end,
 And dreaming so I thinke, that man is no at rest,
 Although he sleepe, his heart yet soe is troubled in his brest.
 The Boy that goes to Schole, doth dreame of rods by night,
 His backe too ready for the rod, and in a sodaine fright
 He starteth in his sleepe, and waketh therewithall,
 And then say I, although he sleepe his rest can be but small.
 Soe we thinke in sleepe they are, in field with foe at sight,
 And with their silks they buffet them, that lye with them by night.
 And are they not at rest, although they sleepe say you,
 In dreeds they haue a kinde of rest, but rest I wot not how.
 And many causes moe, of great vnquiet rest,
 I could declare that are in sleepe, but these that are express,
 May well suffice I hope, to proue my iudgment good in this,
 That mind of man is such, that hee can neuer rest.

THE TOYES OF

¶ Another Toy written in the praise of a Gilliflower, at the request of a Gentlewoman, and one aboue the rest, who loued that flower.



If I should chose a pretty flower,
For samely shew, and swatest sence:
In my minde sure, the Gilliflower,
I should commend, where so I went,
and if needs be, good reason to,
I can alledge why so I doe.

The Crimson colour first of all,
Doth make it samely to the eye:
The pleasaunt saour therewithall,
Comforts the bzaine to, by and by.
For colour then, and swatest smell,
the Gilliflower must beare the Bell.

This is in Pots preserved we see,
And trimly tended euery day:
And so it doth deserue to be,
For sure if I mought plainly say.
If it would prosper in my Bedde,
I would haue one at my Beds head.

What laugh you at you thinke I tell,
I meane plaine troth I promise ye;
The Gilliflower doth like me best,
Of all the flowers that ere I see,
and who that doth unlike the same,
in my minde shall be much to blame.

¶ A pretty toy written in the praise of a straunge Spring

AN IDLE HEAD.

Therefore, be bolde and feare no more, for thou shalt go with me,
 from perils all, within this place, I will safe conduct thee:
 And taste of one of these same beards, which thou thy selfe likest best
 the sayest flower, trust me oft times, is not the holisomest.
 But as for these same beards, or flowers, that stand vpon my word,
 there is not one, but is right good, beleeue me on my word,
 Take wher thou list, I giue thee leaue: but first my frid (quoth she)
 pul of thy gloue, & wash thy hands. Wherwith a maid brought me
 A Balon faire, of water cleare, which gaue a sent so swete:
 that credit me, me thinks almost, that I do sell it yet,
 Wherin I softly dipt my hands, and straigh to wipe the same,
 vpon her arme a towell brought, an other gallant Dame,
 of whom, I could none other doe, but take in curleous sorte,
 with humble thanks for seruice such, and so for to be short,
 with reuerence vnto the Dame, who kept her stately seate,
 I late me downe: and hungerly (me thought) I fell to eate.
 It of a Sallet, that me thought hard by my trencher stode:
 wherof at first, me thought the tast, was resonable good.
 at being downe, it left (alas) a bitter tang behinde:
 then that I left, and thought to tast, some beards of other kinde,
 as there withall, I gan of her in humble sorte to crane,
 the rote, that I had tasted so, what name the same might haue?
 It is Repentance rote quoth she, whose tast though bitter be,
 yet in the Spring time holisom tis, and very rare to see,
 But in the end of all the yere, when it is nothing worth,
 in euery foolish field it growes, to shew the braunches forth:
 But if the taste thou likest not, then let away the same,
 and tast of somewhat else, quoth she, & straight (at hand) a Dame,
 stode ready by at her commaund, to take the Dish a way:
 which done, then of another beard I gan to take a say,
 which better farre did please my taste, wherof I fed on well.
 "by quoth I, of this beard boughsafe to me to tell pp?
 This holisome beard, is called Hope (r

THE TOYES OF

As well thereon, quoth she, and thou shalt finde such ease of mine
as by no meanes, but onely that is possible to finde.

O Ladie faire quoth I, I humble thanks doe payde,
for this thy friendly fauour great, but now, if to the faide,
Wheras this herb so rare both grow, if you wil deigne (faire dame)
me to conduce, and shew me eke, the true roote of the same,
I will happy Hall I thinke my selfe, that thus by chaunce I found
so courteous a noble Dame, and such a fertile ground.

The roote (quoth she) yes, thou shalt see, when thou hast binde ano
both roote and herbe, & eke the ground, which it doth grow vpon

Mine Ladie quoth I, I haue binde, this herbe hath fill'd me so,
that when you will, I reddie am vnto that ground to goe:

Which ground, and roote for to beholde, I haue so great desire,
that till I see the same, me thinkes my heart is still on fire.

Well, then quoth she, since after it thou longest so,

I will my selfe my sister make, and with thee I will goe.

And bring thee to the place, where thou both roote and herb shal
and gather eke a peece therof, and beare away with thee.

And therewith from the bozde she rose and took me by the hand
and led me ouerthwart me thought, a peece of new digd lan

And so from thence into a wood, in midst wherof me thought,
shee brought me to a great wilde space, which sore was nere

By Gardeners hands, but of it selfe I rather gesse it grew, (wrough
the order of it was so straunge, of troth I tell you true,

Well, in, into this space we went, in midst wherof we found,
in comely order well cut out, a pretty peece of ground,

The portrapture wherof, was like the bodie of a man,
which biewing well, soothwith me thought this Lady gan,

To kneele her downe vpon the ground, hard by the body loe,
and there she shewed me the herbe, that I desired see:

like the order how it grew: which biewing well, at last

take a peece and gaue it me, so take the

ground which don straight in

DLE HEAD.

Here with digging up a Turfe, she shewde me very plaine,
 fashion of it how it grew, and downe she laide againe
 Turfe in place whereas it was: O Lady faire quoth I,
 if one should come to cut the roote, what? would y^e herb then die?
 no quoth she, untill the roote be plucked quite away:
 the roote it selfe be sure of this, will neuer quite decay.
 would I craue a peece thereof (quoth I) O noble Dame,
 at I may know it, if againe I chaunce to tast the same.
 tast quoth she vnpleasunt is, I tell thee that best is:
 where the roote doth ranke, bynde, the herb will salue the soze
 yet to make thee soz to know the tast thereof (quoth she)
 she rais'd the Turfe, and of the roote she brake a peece soz me.
 down she laide the same againe, in order as she found,
 that scarcely well it could be saine, that she had rais'd the ground
 I, I had my desire therein, but tasting of the same
 was so bitter in my mouth that to allay the same,
 as fell glad to take the herbe, which as the Dame did say,
 the bitter tast of that vile roote, did quickly dyne away.
 I then in humble soze quoth I, O faire and courteous Dame,
 since that this roote (as you do say) doth differ much in name,
 other rootes, O let me know what his true name may be:
 name quoth she Necessitie is, truly credit me.
 these Rotes, some lead. then some: but bigger that they be,
 doth Hope spread forth his leaues: & some do go with me.
 haue shewne thee thy desire, this heere, this roote and ground,
 aine wilt bring thee to y^e place, where first thy self I found
 she back return'd vnto the plate againe,
 went, where sitting still attendant did remaine
 whom there we left: but al y^e dishes they
 as left, they all had bozne away.
 ose they all at once:
 a likely for the nonce.

THE TO

Troubled, tormented euery howze, and that with enuie
 in hope of helpe, and now againe, despairing in releefe:
 Still to reserve: We here thou seest do liue in quietnesse:
 we passe the time without all care, in mirth and ioyfulness
 We feare no foe, we feele no tooe, we dread no daungers great
 we quake not here with too much cold, nor burne wth extrem
 We wish not for great heaps of gold, such trash we do dispise
 we pray for health, & not for welth: and thus in pleasur
 We spend the day full ioyfully, we craue no rich attire:
 this thinge white weede, is euen as much as we do here!
 We haue our Musick sweete besides, to sollace now and then
 our weary minds, with other sports: & now how saist thou
 If thou maist haue thy choyce, which wouldst thou rather doe
 leade here thy life like one of vs, or else returne vnto
 The loathsome life, that now thou leaddst: pause on this that
 if th'one thou chose, here tarry still: if th'other hence away
 Thou must returne from whence thou comst, I put it to thy
 if th'one thou chose: of thy god hap thou euer maist reioyce
 But if thou chose amiss: poore wretch then thank thy self the
 consider well vpon my words, as yet I say no more.
 With that moze halfe amazed heresat still standing in a mu
 not knowing what were best to do, to take or to refus
 The profer made me by this Dame, I humbly fell on kne
 beseeching God to graunt me of his grace to gouerne
 To make me chuse the choise, y^e best mought please his ho
 and sitting so in humble wise, on knees thus praying
 The Dame expecting earnestly, some answer at
 so long quoth she vpon this choise: why do
 Some answer hiesly let me haue, what euer
 what wilt thou back returne an
 One way saie Dame quoth
 and lead my life here still

On ground which hath a fountaine
 of sweet water which is called the fountaine of life

AN IDLE HEAD.

And thus this lesson I thea leaue, which if thou beare in minde,
assure thy selfe, straight at her hands, some sauaour sey to finde.
And thus quoth she againe, fare well, though me no more thou se,
till back thou doost retorne againe, yet I will be with thee.
And guide thee so, where so thou goest, that thou thy selfe halt se,
in many Melancolick modes, thou shalt be helpt by me,
And therewithall, I know not how, she vanished away,
and I vnto the Temple straight, began to take my way.
And to the doore, as I had charge, me thought I came,
and toke the ring in my hand, and knocked at the same:
Who knocketh at the doore, quoth one? A silly wight, quoth I,
cast vp of late, on sorrowes shore, by tempests sodainly:
Brought in the Barke of weary bale, cast vp by waues of woe,
since when to seeke some place of rest, I wandred too and froe,
And wandring so I knew not how, vnto a Mount I came,
whereas I found in comely sorte, a noble curteous Dame:
The Mount is cold, the Hil of Hope, wher doth Dame Patience dwell:
from whom I come. Welcome quoth he, I know the Lady well.
With that the doore was opened, and in (me thought I went,
wherwith me thought I hard a voice, a sobbing sigh that sent.
Wherwith some what amazed at first, though greatly not afraide,
still staring round (about a while) this stately Church I staide:
And as before Dame Patience, to me at parting tolde
Within the Quier on the right hand (me thought) I did beholde,
A gallant Dame, all clad in white, to whom for my behoure,
these words I said: Dame Patience, I hope will Pittie moue.
With that (me thought this Ladie said, I know thy deepe distresse;
and for thy friends Dame patience sake, thou shalt haue som redress,
And therewithall, me thought she saide, vnto an aged Wite,
which in the Temple, hard by late: Father I thee desire
place of rest,
onts soze oppo

THE TOYES OF

Which if he do not yet let him, with him retourne to me,
 and then my selfe will go with him. it shall suffice quoth she,
 So sirra: quoth she, follow well his man where so he goes,
 and take good hede, that in no wise, his company you lose:
 For if you lose his company, you lose your labour quite.
 but follow him: your gaine perhaps, your travaile shall requite,
 His name, quoth she, True Reason is, my Father Wisdome's man,
 whom if you follow, to the place of rest, conduct you can.
 So sirra: quoth she, go your waies, be rulde by him I say:
 and though he lead you now & the, through some unpleasant way
 Yet follow him where so he goes, do as I bid you doo:
 and he in time, the perfect place of rest, can bring the too.
 And so farewell Lady, quoth I, I humble thanks do giue
 to you and eke this good olde man: and surely while I live,
 You two I vow, and eke besides, the noble courteous Dame,
 that sent me hither vnto you, Dame Patience by name:
 In heart I cher honour will, and honest Reason loe,
 for taking paines, vnto the place of rest with me to goe,
 To recompence his paines, I vow to stand his faithfull friend,
 to follow him, and to be rulde by him vnto mine ende.
 And if I like to slip from him, I willing eye will be,
 that as he list, he shall do one correction vnto me.
 So Lady & my leues do take: and therewithall, me thought
 the good olde man, fast by the hand vnto the dore me brought,
 And at the dore (me thought) did parte this good olde man and I,
 and Reason, he came stepping forth to beate me company:
 To leade me to the place, whereas we then should goe to rest
 but as in euery merry mode, both hap some sodaine rest
 So in this Dreame, as we (me thought) were going on our way,
 I know not well at what (a les) we sodainly gan stay,
 And staying so, a while
 which saying